

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique,

Enter Rosencrans and Gylidensterne.

Gyl. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Gyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Gyl. Is in his retirement meruious distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Gyl. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisdome should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie
this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Gyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Gyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Gyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtisie is not of the right breede, if
it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswere, I will doe your
mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord.

Ham. Makeyou a wholsome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such
answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she sayes, your behauiour hath strooke her into a-
mazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother, but is there
no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any
further trade with vs?

Ros. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do sure-
ly barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to
your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King him-
selfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something
musty, ô the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why
doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would drie
me into a toyle?

Gyl. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my leue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Gyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Gyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I doe beseech you.

Gyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fin-
gers, & the vंबर, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourse
most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.

Gyl. But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I
haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of
me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops,
you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would sound mee
from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique ex-
cellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'bloud
do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what in-
strument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me.
God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder clowd that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th masse and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then